

# HONESTY IN <sup>4507</sup> DISTRESS;

BUT  
Reliev'd by No PARTY.

A  
TRAGEDY,  
As it is Acted on the Stage, &c.

## ACT I.

Scene A Palace.

Honesty alone.

Lady and Attendance.

Honesty begins her Suit.

Lady turning to her Servants.

Lady's Woman.

Footman to Honesty at going off.

Honesty alone.

## ACT II.

Scene Westminster-Hall,  
with the Court Sitting.

Enter Honesty among the  
Lawyers.

One Lawyer to Another.

Lawyer turning to Honesty.

Honesty sneaks off, and  
Speaks aside.

Attorney to Brother Snap:  
Honesty is Whisper'd in the  
Ear by a Ruin'd Client.

## ACT III.

Scene The CITY.

Honesty Begging along  
the City.

A Precise Apothecary to  
his Man.

Honesty (aside.)

Viſtualler to the Bar-  
Keeper and his Servants.

Honesty (aside.)

A Grocer to his next  
Neighbour a Hosier.

Honesty enters the Ex-  
change.

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Enter'd Pursuant to the Late Act of Parliament.

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THE  
P R O L O G U E.

*Spoken by a Miser going to Receive*  
*M O N E Y.*

---

(Supposed at the *Play-House*.)

**I** Am in great Haste, good Freinds, yet can't chuse,  
But stay one Moment, just to tell you News.  
Dame *Honesty* to Day, but Wond'rous Poor,  
Wrap'd up in Rags, came Mumping to my Door;  
What Tatter'd *Maukin* have we here, said I?  
Poor *Honesty*, said she, both Cold and Dry:  
Then *Honesty*, said I, Pray go thy Ways,  
I ne'er got *Three-pence* by thee in my Days:  
I might have Starv'd, I'm sure, long since for thee;  
And now thou want'st, thou e'en may'st Starve for me.  
The Squeamish *Gypsie*, presently took Snuff,  
And turn'd her Back upon me in a Huff:  
Whither she Rambl'd Heav'n knows for me;  
She's not amongst you there as I can see,                      Neither



The PROLOGUE.

Neither in *Boxes Galleries* or *Pit*,  
In the Huge Crowd of Fools, that Gaping sit!  
Nor can I find her out amongst you Men of Wit!  
If in the Audience she has stol'n a Place,  
And durst in *Play-House* show her honest Face,  
Amongst the *Ladies* sure she must appear:  
But Faith, and Troth, I cannot find her there:  
Yet, tho' she's hard to find, I dare Engage,  
You'll see her by and by upon the Stage;  
But Cloath'd in *Woollen Rags*, no *Linnen* under,  
A Begging too, but that will prove no Wonder;  
For in this *Iron-Age*, we daily see,  
That *Knavery* gets the Start of *Honesty*;  
And like our Wiser Leaders, I protest,  
I always side with those that Thrive the Best.  
Cou'd I but stay, I would provoke your Laughter,  
And tell you more of what you'll find hereafter;  
But the Time is come, and I must go from hence  
To fill this *Bagg* with the *Commanding Pence*;  
For he that in our *Christian City* Thrives,  
Must run when Int'rest, that dear Devil drives.

H O.





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*HONESTY* in *Distress* ;  
 BUT  
 Reliev'd by no *PARTY*, &c.

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ACT I.  
 SCENE A *Palace*,

---

*Enter Honesty alone.*

**F**rom *Anch'rites* lonely Caves, *Hermites* Cells,  
 And Rural Huts, where sweet Contentment dwells;  
 From Consecrated Groves, and Heavenly Meads,  
 Where no Vile Wretch, or Lustful *Harlot* treads;  
 But where kind *Turtles* murmur out their Love,  
 And *Saints* Contemplate on the Joys above;

Where

Where *Good Men* oft retire to shun the Rage,  
 And Noisy Tumults of a Barbarous Age,  
 That undisturb'd, they Calmly may sit down,  
 Freed from the dire Confusions of the Town;  
 From these blest Shades, where Virtue, Peace and Love,  
 Embrace each other, and united move;  
 In this Plain Home-spun Dress, to Court I'm come,  
 Thus Wander'd in my Clouted shoes from Home;  
 How Stately does this Antient Palace look!  
 How sweet those Walks! How Pleasant yonder Brook!  
 How Large and Lofly are the Rooms design'd!  
 How richly are the Walls with *Tap'stry* Lin'd!  
 How easy do the Beds and Couches seem!  
 How all things Merit Rev'rence and Esteem?  
 How costly Art do's thro' the whole appear!  
 Sure *Honesty* must Needs be Welcome here?  
 What mighty Man is stepping from his Coach;  
 This Way he makes his Fortunate Approach;  
 In Melting Words, I'll let him know my Case,  
 And beg him to Relieve my sad Distress:



*Good*

Good Noble Sir, Behold a Wretched Maid,  
 Who, prostrate on my Knees, Implores your Aid;  
 Friendless and Poor, a Stranger, and Forlorn,  
 Empty my Pocket, and my Garment torn;  
 When Cold and Hungry, I for Pity call,  
 I am but Despis'd, and Frown'd upon by All;  
 Check'd by Great Men, by every Knave abus'd,  
 By Tradesmen slighted, by the Mobb misus'd;  
 Fawn'd on in Publick, by each Flattering Priest,  
 But Snubb'd in Private, as an Odious Guest;  
 Highly Commended to the Listening Crowd,  
 Slowly follow'd; tho' Extoll'd so Loud;  
 Prais'd by their Tongues, but by their Deeds disgrac'd,  
 Approv'd, but seldom Heartily embrac'd.  
 My own ungrateful Sex express their Hate,  
 And seem well pleas'd at my Dejected State;  
 In their loose Thoughts my Virtues they Disdain,  
 And Copy all my Modest Looks with Pain;  
 Yet to seem like me is their Chiefest Pride:  
 Tho' with my Name, they oft their Vices bide;  
 But now beneath these Miseries, I'm sell,  
 Few Women love me with a Cordial Zeal;

But



*But like Base Men on my Misfortunes frown,*

*And let me Rove Neglected up and down ;*

*Therefore I am Wander'd from afar to Court,*

*To beg Relief among the Noble Sort :*

*For where shou'd Injur'd Honesty retreat,*

*For Shelter, but amongst the Rich and Great ?*

*If they their Pity to a Wretch Deny,*

*Where must wrong'd Innocence for Succour fly ?*

[Courtier.]

*You Mumping Lazy Slut, how came you here ?*

*How dare you in such Rags address a Peer ?*

*Your Name without Enquiry I can guess,*

*From your thin Jaws and despicable Dress ;*

*Thou art a Bold, Forward Baggage, on my Word,*

*To crave Reception here, where you're Abhorr'd.*

*Alas ! thou art grown, even Scandalous of late,*

*And thy stale Charms obnoxious to the State.*

*The Hide-bound Rules and Principles you boast,*

*Are quite Exploded, and entirely lost,*

*To Kings and Nobles, they have done much Hurt,*

*And always prov'd Destructive to the Court ;*

*Monarchs*

[ 9 ]

*Monarchs* on thy Account have been Undone,  
When'ere Caress'd, thou art Fatal to the Throne;  
Some Princes have Resign'd the Golden Prize,  
Rather than let Thee fall a Sacrifice;  
But always have been Blam'd for keeping True,  
To such a weak and Helpless Wretch as you.  
For *Sceptres* are no longer safe we see,  
Than Interest is Perferr'd to *Honesty* :  
Wert thou but allow'd in Courts to Pry about,  
No Office shortly wou'd be worth a Groat.  
Our Num'rous Slaves wou'd be Reduc'd to Few,  
And our *Six Horses* dwindle into Two;  
Therefore Conceal thy Wants, and Disappear,  
For shou'd some *Craving Courtier* see you here,  
They wou'd charge you with a *Plot*, and Swear you came  
To set the *Court* and *Kingdom* in a Flame.  
Depart with Speed before you give Offence,  
Lest *Policy* and *Int'rest* drive Thee hence,  
Make the Rude Soldiers Hoot you from the Court,  
And turn your Poor Condition to their Sport;  
*Virtue* and *Rags* Great Souls alike abhor;  
*Honour*, or *Wealth*, or *Idols* we Adore :

B

Begone,

Begone, I say, the Airy *Wanton She*,  
 Is far more Welcome here than *Honesty*.  
 For Refuge fly within the *City Walls*,  
 There mend their *Measures*, and Reform their *Scales* ;  
 Reprove their *Compters* for Immod'rate *Fees*,  
 And give their *Traders* better *Consciences* ;  
 Teach *Loyalty*, 'till truly 'tis Embrac'd,  
 Reclaim their *Wives*, and keep their *Daughters* Chaste.  
 Ne're mind the *Court*, for our Aspiring Souls,  
 Must wander far beyond thy *Narrow Rules*.

[Exit Courtier.]

[Honesty alone]

What sad Returns to my Complaints, I hear,  
 That drown my Greatest Hopes in wild Dispair ;  
 The Higher Rank, tho' Noble Bred, we see,  
 Regards not Poor Distressed *Honesty*.  
 Wrapt up in *Interest*, they my Worth despise,  
 And o're my Head to *Wealth* and *Honour* rise ;  
 Condemn my *Virtues*, Brand me as a *Cheat*,  
 And let me Mourn and Perish at their Feet :  
 But see, some *Gallant Lady* moves this Way,  
 Tho' 'tis in vain, I'll t'other Moment stay ;

How



How Glorious she appears, she must, I see,  
Great Quality by her Attendance be.

Good Heav'n, with *Melting Words* Inspire my Tongue,  
That I may move her as she Treads along,  
To show some *Pity*, and Redress my *Wrong*.

---

*Enter Lady and Attendance.*

[*Honesty begins her Suit.*]

**B** Rightest of *Beauties* I have yet beheld,  
To a *Poor Virgin* some Compassion yield;  
Pity a Wretch, that's void of all Offence,  
Who knows no Crime, but lives in Innocence;  
Tho' thus Reduc'd, from all *Corruptions* freed,  
And a *Pure Maid* in very *Thought* and *Deed*;  
Banded from House to House, from Town to Town,  
Pitied by *Few*, but Entertain'd by *None*,  
Pelted by the *Rabble* as I pass the *Street*,  
And Mock'd by every Scoundrel that I meet.  
My *Nature* and my *Name* do well agree,  
The Character I bear, is *Honesty*.  
My *Life* is *Virtuous*, and my *Actions* Just,  
I hope for *Heav'n*, and in the *Gods* I Trust;

Yet

Yet by the *Angry Fates* ; thus low I'm Hurl'd,  
 And know not one *True Friend* in all the World:  
 Therefore, *Sweet Lady*, I your *Friendship* crave,  
 For such *Beauty* a *Tender Heart* must have.

*The Lady turning to her Servants.*

How came this *Wench* within the *Palace Gate*?  
 How *Boldly* do's the *Tatter'd Gypsie* Prate?  
 With what strange *Confidence* the *Maukin* Brags,  
 Of her *Strach'd Virtue* in her *Stinking Rags*!

*Lady's Woman.*

A *Saucy Slut*, I'll warrant, to *Profess*,  
 Such *Stiff-neck'd Honesty* in that *Poor dress*,  
*Honour* has *Virtue* always by the *Hand*,  
 The *Latter* can't without the *Former* stand:  
 The *Rich* and *Noble* are the *Chaste* and *Good*,  
 The *Needy* can't be *Honest* if they wou'd;  
 When *Money* Tempts, they *Conquer* all *Restraints*,  
 And sacrifice their *Virtue* to their *Wants*.  
*Madam* ; Ne're mind her *Talk*, *Poor Silly Soul*,  
 The *Ragged Saint* is but some *Soldier's Trull*;  
 By *Lazinefs* and *Vice* *Reduc'd* to *Want*,  
 And comes to *Mount the Guard* with her *Gallant*.

Foh, Nasty Thing, Dissembling, Lying Jade;  
Bold Hussy, She in Thought and Deed a Maid!  
Madam, You stand too Near, the Frowzy Minx,  
If this be *Honesty*, I'll Swear she Stinks.

[Exit Lady and Attendance.]

*Footman to Honesty at going off.*

Poor Wretch! Begone, they'll make thee but their Sport,  
*Honesty* is always Ridicul'd at Court;  
No Beggar here succeed in what they Crave,  
But the *Designing Jilt* and *Flatt'ring Knave*.

*Honesty alone.*

Unhappy Wretch! O miserable me!  
That my own Sex should so Cenforious be.  
Hard-hearted Woman! how could she Express  
Such Cruel Thoughts, that add to my Distress:  
Were her own *Ills* to Publick Eyes made Clear,  
How Monstrous wou'd the Vicious Wretch appear!  
For none but *Those* to Wicked Courses bent,  
Wou'd Wrongfully Accuse the *Innocent*;  
How soon the Courtly *Dame* cou'd give an Ear  
To her Proud *Confidant* and *Flatterer*!      Those



Those, who on *Sycophants* for Truth rely,  
Must be in most Things Basely led away;  
For where the *Fav'rite's* sure to be Believ'd,  
The *Great* by *False Reports* are oft Deceiv'd.  
By *Flatterers* and *Tales* are made to see;  
Not what Things are, but what they'd have 'em be.  
A *Soldier's* Trull, alas, I am Misus'd,  
To find by my own Sex, I am thus abus'd:  
Man's Sordid Sights touch me not half so Hard,  
Because *Honesty's* a Woman's Guard;  
The only *Friend* the *Charming Fair* can Trust,  
And the Best Guide to keep their *Actions* Just:  
But since to be Despis'd and made their Sport,  
Is all the Welcome I can find at *Court* :  
Along those Shady Walks, I'll make my Way,  
That do to yonder's Lofty Piles Convey:  
Where *Scarlet Justice* do's the *Bench* Ascend,  
To hear the *Smooth Tongu'd* Advocates Contend,  
And bring each weighty *Diff'rence* to its doubtful End.  
What, tho' at *Court* I've met with small Regard,  
Where *Fawning Slaves* and *Flatt'ers* seek Reward.

Yet

Yet how can *Honesty* Ill Usage fear,  
Where *Equity* and *Law* in *Pomp* appear.

[*Exit Honesty.*]

## A C T II.

Scene *Westminster-Hall, with the  
Court Sitting.*

[*Enter Honesty among the Lawyers.*]

**H**Ark how the wrangling Tongues of Council Brawl,  
In every Crowded Corner of the *Hall*;  
What Pains they take to unfold each knotty Case,  
And give each Client's Cause an honest Face;  
Whilst the Contending Foes 'twixt Hope and Fear,  
Creep up behind, the Learn'd Debates to hear;  
Flatter'd one Moment that the Day's their own;  
Trembling the next, left Cast, and quite undone:  
So doubtful *Gamsters*, 'twixt the *Chance* and *Main*,  
Now fear they *Loose*, next Minute hope to *Gain*;  
What shall I say to smoothe this Learned Throng,  
Assembl'd to Distinguish *Right* from *Wrong*,

I know not how to Application make,  
 Tho' I for Succour *Pine*, I fear to *Speak*.  
 Yonder a knot of *Grizly Sages* stand,  
 Consulting of some Weighty Cause in Hand:  
 I'll Courage take, and with my *Pauper's* Face,  
 Open to the Grave *Cabal* my Wretched Case,

*Dear Worthy Sirs, whose Sable Garments shew,*  
*You Justice in her Glorious Tracks pursue,*  
*And Learn'd is the Nation's Crabbed Laws Delight,*  
*To Ease th' Oppress'd, and Do the Injur'd Right;*  
*Behold a Wandring Maid, tho' Lov'd of Heav'n,*  
*In this Base World from Post to Pillar driv'n;*  
*Hungry and Cold, for want of Food and Fire,*  
*And thus Disguis'd in Scandalous Attire;*  
*At Court in vain, I humbly sought Relief,*  
*But there they only added to my Greif,*  
*Despis'd my Rags, were Deaf to my Complaints,*  
*And made my Sins the Author of my Wants;*  
*Tho' Heav'n, that knows the Secrets of my Breast,*  
*Can witness, tho' I am Poor I'm truly Chaste.*

*This*



*This Severe Usage made me quit the Court;  
And hitber Fly, where Justice do's Resort,  
In hopes Poor Virtue, thus Oppress'd might find,  
Your Worthy Robe more Merciful and Kind.*

[One Lawyer to Another.]

The Dirty Pugg may serve *Love's Fire* to Quench,  
Faith, *Brother*, 'tis a Wondrous Pretty Wench!  
She'll soon leave Begging when she knows the Town;  
Such *Look* will make a *Tatter'd Smock* go down.

[2 Lawyer.]

Fie! *Brother*, Fie! You Talk, upon my Life,  
As wild, as if you'd quite forgot your Coiff;  
We are *Old*; and shou'd Despise that *Toutful Thought*;  
And tho' we can't, the World wou'd think we ought.

[3 Lawyer.]

For Shame, don't Raise such Blushes in the Maid,  
She thinks 'tis time that our *Colts Teeth* were Shed.  
Tho' *Sixty Odd*, I such a *Lass* cou'd Please,  
And make *Her* know, that an *Old Rat* loves *Cheese*.  
Tell us, *My Pretty Maid*, from whence you came?  
The Cause of thy *Distress*, and what's thy Name?

( 18 )  
*Honesty.*

On distant *Plains* till now, I've Liv'd conceal'd,  
Which with due *Food* and *Rayment* yield ;  
Born of a *Race Divine*, tho' *Poor* and *Bare*,  
*Justice* and *Mercy* my *Relations* are ;  
No *Prince* on Earth a Nobler *Kin* can Boast ;  
Tho' now by *Wicked Means* I am almost lost.  
*Virtue* and *Truth* my *Loving Sisters* be ;  
And tho' thus *Wretched*, I am *Honesty*,  
Come hither in this *Despicable Dress*,  
In hopes with *Pity* you wou'd here my Case.

*Honesty*, Brethren ! There's a Saucy Jade ! [ 1 Lawyer. ]  
What Business has she here ? Why sure she's Mad !  
Did ever such a Brazen Minx appear,  
Before the *Publick Hall* at *Westminster* ?

Begon, Bold Huffy ; or I'll Move my L — d. [ 2 Lawyer. ]  
To give your Impudence its just Reward.

How

How dare you show that Despicable Face,  
Where *Gown-men* Rendezvouz, and *Law* takes Place.

[ 3. Lawyer. ]

Hang her a Jilt, when she was valu'd here,  
And carefully preserv'd by *Pr—*. and *P—r*,  
We Painful *Lawyers* labour'd but in Vain,  
And were the Peoples Slaves for little Gain;  
Took mod'rate Fees, not daring to Encroach,  
And hither gladly Trudg'd without a Coach;  
But since the Jade was Banish'd by the *Gown*,  
She wanders like an *Out-law* up and down;  
You see our Tongues are Valu'd at High Rates,  
And our *dark Deeds* yield *visible Estates*.

### Lawyer turning to Honesty.

Be gone, Bold *Vagrant*, with thy Frightful Looks,  
Thou'rt but a *Maukin* here, that scares the *Rooks*;  
Presume no more within these Walls to come,  
But let some *Parish Alm-house* be thy Home;  
For *Honesty* whilst Indigent and Bare,  
Must ne'er expect to find Compassion here.

*Honesty*



## Honesty Sneaks off, and speaks aside.

Wou'd I again from *Human Sight* was hid,  
 In some dark Gloom, where soft *Meanders* glide,  
 That Gen'rous *Nature* so profusely Good,  
 Might from its wild Exuberance yield me Food;  
 Amongst the *Reeds* and *Flags* I'd Rayment find,  
 And with my Fingers weave them to my Mind.  
 For who Enrich'd with *Jewels* of Content,  
 Needs *Dainty Food*, or *Costly Ornament* ?  
 The Feather'd Choir, with their Harmonious Lays,  
 Shou'd sweeten Life, and bless my happy Days;  
 And the kind Murmurs of the Neighb'ring Streams,  
 At Night shou'd Lull me into pleasant Dreams:  
*Nature's* wild Off-springs shou'd around me Graze,  
 And *Hurtless* on a *Harmless* Creature Gaze,  
 But where no *Human Monster* cou'd be found,  
 To Vex my Life, and Curse the happy Ground:  
 For Oh! how *Base* and *Faitblefs* must they be,  
 Who look with such Contempt on *Honesty* ?

But

But since by Fate at present I'm Decreed,  
Amongst the *Cruel Race* to seek my *Bread* :  
I'll move the *meaner Classis* e're I go,  
Whose Hearts perhaps may more *Compassion* show :  
Here comes a *Tribe of Busy Agents* on,  
Who Bustle in a *Sphere* beneath the *Gown* ;  
I'll try if I with them can *Interceed*,  
For those that *Spare to Speak*, must *miss to Speed*.

*Dear Sirs, With Eyes of Pity pray Behold,*  
*A Wretch near Perish'd with the Winter's Cold ;*  
*Who wrnders up and down, but cannot find*  
*The Frozen World to Charity Incln'd.*  
Once was I Nurs'd with *Tendernefs* and *Care*,  
And as a *Darling* Valu'd ev'ry where ;  
Hugg'd by the *Trades-man, Scholar, and the Saint,*  
Priz'd as the *Happy Author of Content* ;  
But now alas ! Expos'd to *Misery and Want.*  
*Poor Honesty,* the *Moral Name* I bear,  
And all my *Actions* *Consentaneous* are :

Let

Let therefore your Compassion ease my Grief,  
Who sues in *Forma Pauperis* for Relief.

[ 1 Attorney. ]

Zooks, *Brother Snap*, A Wonder, I protest !  
Pray look behind Thee, Here' a Welcome Guest ?  
'A Scurvy *Omen*, Heaven mend us all !  
To have *Honesty* among us in the *Hall* !  
Who cou'd have ever thought that She shou'd dare,  
To show her *Starved Face* at *Westminster*.

[ 2 Attorney. ]

I'll Warrant the Baggage comes to Pry about,  
'And like a *Pick Thank* find our Failings out :  
Let us but hide our Bills, and we are safe,  
She may Beg on, and Whine, We'll Win and Laugh !

[ 3 Attorney. ]

Thou Young Troublesome, Bold Slut, withdraw,  
Such *Vagrants* should be Punish'd by the Law.  
Go keep the *City Knave* from Couzenage free,  
We've Nothing here to do with *Honesty*.

Shou'd



( 43 )  
Shou'd the Great Men but see your *Startling Face*,  
They'll Teach you to Defile this *Sacred Place*.

*Honesty is Whisper'd in the Ear by a Ruin'd Client?*

Sweet-Heart, let me Advise Thee to Retire,  
For *Honesty* is a Perfect *Scare-Crow* here :  
Whilst Law such Crowds of *Gripping Wolves* supports,  
And such *Litigious Swarms* surround her Courts,  
Thou canst from them no more for *Pity Hope*,  
Than *Hereticks* for Mercy from the *Pope*.  
I heard with Sad Concern thy Sad Complaint,  
And Gladly wou'd Relieve thee but I can't :  
The *Ravenous Law* has Swallow'd up my Store,  
And in pursuit of *Justice*, left me Poor.

Honesty ( *aside.* )

Hard-hearted *Scribes* ! How Sordid and Unkind ?  
Did ever Wretch such Cruel Usage find ?

How

How can the Great, the Grave, the Learn'd, the Wise  
 That do to Rich, and Lofty Stations rise,  
 Look down with Scorn and such *Ill-Nature* show,  
 To *Honesty*, that *Starving* Creeps below?  
 O wou'd but Heav'n to *Wealthy Men* Reveal,  
 The *Wants* which some *Poor Wretches* feel!  
 The *Riged Miser* wou'd Unboul't his Door,  
 And bid a Hearty Welcome to the *Poor*.  
 Tho' I've all these Disappointments met,  
 And on the Lowest Step of *Scorn* am set;  
 I'll Chear my Heart, and thro' the *City Range*,  
*Honesty* yet, may be Esteem'd on 'Change.  
 For since *Starv'd Charity* is grown so Cold,  
 Amongst *Great-Men*, We *Beggars* must be Bold.

[Exit *Honesty*.]

ACT

ACT III.  
Scene *The CITY.*

*Honesty Begging along the City.*

**D**ear, Tender *Citizens*, some Comfort spare,  
To a poor *Object* worthy of your Care:

Beneath my *Miseries* may you never fall,

But full command the Choice of *Leaden-Hall*.

Pray pity that Forlorn and Friendless *She*,

The Uncharitable World calls *Honesty*.

Behold my Feeble Limbs, and *Meagre Face*,

My *Naked Feet*, my *Cold*, and *Tatter'd Dress*.

Open your *Hearts*, your *Charity* extend,

That in this poor *Condition* I may find,

Within these Antient Walls some *Christian* Friend.

*Linnen Draper.*

*Honesty!* with a Pox to her; Run, *Tom*:

And fetch a *Pail of Water*, or a *Broom*.

If *She* comes hither, wash the Lazy Whore,

Or sweep the *Dirty Baggage* from the Door,

Let Her not step within the *Shop*, besure:

D

For



[ 20 ]  
For, as I live, I know the Hide-bound Jade,  
If Countenanc'd, wou'd spoil the *Linnen Trade*:  
None like *She* scorns to wear a *Smock*, we see,  
'Tis more the Effect of *Pride* than *Poverty*.  
We shall have *Filts* to the same *Fashion* brought,  
Because, like Her, they wou'd be Honest thought:  
And in *Good Faith*, shou'd they no *Linnen* wear,  
Our Wives wou'd soon be forc'd to go as Bare.

*A Precise Apothecary to his Man.*

*Theophilus*, on due Precogitation,  
'Twill be Producing to our Preservation,  
That you Step Backward to the *Rubbish Hovell*,  
And thence advance the Longest *Paring-Shovel*;  
For *Honesty*, that Squeamish Jade, I see  
Is, God be thanked; Reduc'd to *Beggary*;  
She *Mendicates* this Way, I fear she'll stop;  
To Crave a Dram of Comfort at my Shop,  
But pray be sure you Give her, not a Drop.  
If she assumes the Impudence to come,  
And ask for me, Respond, I'm not at Home:  
For shou'd the Jade behind the *Compter* run,  
*In Verbo Medici*, We are quite Undone;

She'll

[ 41 ]

She'll Fracture all my *Pots*, confound my *Pills*,  
And in a Rage *Incinerate* all my *Bills*.

**Honesty (*aside.*)**

The *City* too are Heedless to my Wants ;  
Sure all *Mankind* are Deaf to my *Complaints* :  
How they Sneak back, and downwards cast their *Eyes*,  
And stop their *Ears* against my Mornful Cries !  
Alas ! How hateful are the *Just* and *Poor* !  
The Wealthy Knaves that Wallow in their Store !

***Victualler to the Bar-Keeper and his Servants.***

Nouns *Wife* ! Go lay the *Double Chalk* aside !  
And *Rowls* of *Eighteen* to the *Dozen*, hide !  
Here *Jack*, *Tom*, *Harry*, *Will*, ye Careless Rogues !  
Make hast, and take away the *Little Mugs* !  
Here's *Honesty* approching, by my Troth !  
Who knows but she may call to Squench her Drowth ?  
And if she shou'd, we must not shut the Door.  
You know our License binds us to Obey,  
The *Meanest Vassals*, if they can but Pay ;  
Who knows but the Sly *Gypsie* may Inform ?  
I've heard the Jade does many a Man Undo,  
Dread her More, than all my Lord *M——r's* Crew !

Oho! I thank my *Stars*, she's past my Door!  
 Now, *as you were*, My Lads, the Danger's o're.

### Honesty ( *aside.* )

Bless me! How all the City seems Amus'd!  
 And Scower about in Sholes, as if Confus'd!  
 How frightful is my *honest Aspect* grown!  
 That *Men* in such Disorder from me Run!  
 Gaze with seeming Hatred on my Face!  
 And, like *Infelion*, shun me as I pass!

### A Grocier to his Next Neighbour, a Hosier.

Adzings! Here's *Honesty* among Us come!  
 Why can't the Lazy *Carrion* keep at Home?  
 Neighbour, methinks, 'tis both a *Shame* and *Pity*,  
 Such *Vagrants* shou'd be Suffer'd in the City?  
 Shou'd she come Near my *Shop*, upon my Word,  
 I'll take the Lazy *Trull* before my Lord:  
 For he, I'm sure, will Countenance no Jade,  
 That's such an *Open Enemy* to Trade:  
 Were she allow'd to Scout, and Pry about,  
 What must become of all our Damag'd *Fruit*?  
 Or if a Weight shou'd chance to prove too Light,  
 Why shou'd *She* think her self Affronted by't?



The *Buyer* ought to Lose, because 'tis Plain,  
 We can't grow Rich without Immod'rate Gain ;  
 And who wou'd be that Drudge? Efaith, not I,  
 To live a *Retale Slave*, and a *Poor Beggar* die?

### *Hosier.*

Shou'd we not take the Liberty, God knows,  
 To put off *Leicestershire*, for *Strawbridg Hose*,  
 And use some other *Little Sights*, our Trade,  
 Wou'd scarce produce *Fat Fowls* to Greese our *Bread*,  
 And must *Dame Honesty*, forsooth, give Rules?  
 Which if Observ'd, wou'd make Us *Starving Fools*:  
 E'en let her Beg, and Hug her Misery,  
 I'm sure she shall have no Support from Me.

### *Honesty Enters the Exchange.*

Good Pious *Christians*, who are hither come,  
 From all the Trading Parts of *Christendom*:  
 Listen with Pity to my Complaint,  
 Of *Honesty* Reduc'd to Rags and Want:  
 My hopes of Succour, have, alas, been Cross'd,  
 Relieve me now, or I'm for ever Lost.

[1 Merchant.]

Prithee, *Sweetheart*, thy Hideous Cries forbear,  
 I doubt you'll find but cold Reception here ;  
 Come not to *Change*, but to our Churches go,  
 And let the *Clergy* thy Condition know :  
 They shou'd thy *Chiefeft Benefactors* be,  
 Who can have no Regard to *Honesty*.

[2 Merchant.]

Prithee, disturb us not with Sighs and Tears,  
 We know you've starv'd in *England* many Years ;  
 You take wrong Measures, and are much deceiv'd,  
 If you expect on 'Change to be Reliev'd.  
 For *Honesty* and *Trade* move different Ways,  
 And where one *Thrives*, the other soon *Decays*.

[3 Merchant.]

To *Cells* and *Cloysters* you your Course should steer,  
 Alas ! we have no Business for you here :  
 Or else Abroad to our *Plantations* fly,  
 And in our *Western Isles* thy Fortune try ;  
 You'll prove a Stranger in that Sultry Air,  
 And Strangers always are most welcome there.  
 You see *Old England* frowns upon thy Wants,  
 Visit the *New*, and try the *Boston* Saints :

Conceall

Conceal thy *Name*, and thou may'st *There* grow Rich ;  
But if thou'rt known they'll burn thee for a *Witch* ;  
Poor *Honesty's* Despis'd, if once Reveal'd,  
And can be no where safe unless Conceal'd.

O Wicked Age ! that *Honesty* shou'd find,  
So *Little Charity* amongst Mankind.  
Poor *Indians* whom the *Christian* World deride,  
That follow *Nature* as their only Guide :  
Untaught by *Scriptures*, Unimprov'd by *Schools*,  
But from *Dame Reason* draw their doubtful Rules.  
Sure such wild *Salvage Slaves*, who little know,  
Of Heav'n's Laws, wou'd much more Pity show,  
Than let poor *Honesty* become their Sport,  
And perish thus for want of *Due Support*.

O Cruel City ! to Refuse your Aid,  
To a Starv'd Wretch to this sad End betray'd ;  
Impending Mischiefs threaten you, take heed,  
Lest when I'm gone, your Ruin should succeed ;  
For Kingdoms do from me theit Strength derive,  
And Towns without Me never yet could thrive :  
But since I'm Hated, Slighted, and Abus'd,  
And by all *PARTIES* thus severely us'd,  
I'm call'd aloft, where I with speed must go,  
And leave you to Repent your Ills below.

[ *She Dyes.*

*F I N I S.*



# THE EPILOGUE.

**P**OOR Honesty, 'She's gone ; we've seen her Last,  
 Her wants are Ended, and her Mis'ries past :  
 Many, I heard, at her Sad Exit Griev'd,  
 Who never cou'd Endure Her whilst she liv'd :  
 For Knaves, like Shears, whose Edges are so Keen,  
 Must cut Themselves, as we have often seen  
 For want of Honesty to put between :  
 For now she's gone, say they, we've Cause to Fear,  
 All Men will Prove as Errant Knaves, as we're ;  
 And then warm Jars and Struggles must arise,  
 About which Knave must be the Other's Prize :  
 Like Privateers, they care not to Oppose  
 Each other, 'cause there's Nothing got, but Blows ;  
 Sharks bate to Bite Sharks, the Wolf we find,  
 Cares not Hungry to Assault his Kind ;  
 But now Poor Honesty is Snatch'd away,  
 'Tis well if Men don't prove worse Brutes than they.

